Regale Lectus Miseriæ

OR,

# A KINGLY BED OF MISERIE.

*In which is contained,*

# A DREAME:

WITH

An *Elegie* upon the Martyrdome of CHARLS, late King of *ENGLAND*, of blessed Memory:

*AND*

Another upon the Right Honourable The Lord Capel.

WITH

*A curse against the Enemies of Peace, and the Authors Farewell to England.*

By JOHN QUARLES.

Printed in the Yeare, 1649.

To that Patroneſſe of Vertue,
and moſt Illuſtrions Princeſſe,

# ELIZABETH,

The ſorrowfull Daughter to our late Martyr'd Soveraigne, CHARLS, King of *England*, &c.

*Moſt Vertuous Princeſſe:*

AS this ſubject, which my zealous preſumption preſents to your ſerious view, is a compound of joy and griefe; ſo I hope it wil furniſh your Royall breaſt, as well with the raptures of joy, as the principles

of ſorrow. Madam, I am confident that I may, without adulation ſay, that your Royall Fathers death, gave a life to Vertue. And as we have a ſufficient cauſe to deplore the abſence of his Perſon, ſo we have an undenyable reaſon to rejoyce for the preſence of his perfections, which will build everlaſting Pyramids in the hearts of thoſe, which were his loyall Subjects. Madam, although Heaven hath been pleaſed to diminiſh your joyes

in

in this miſerable Kingdome, yet no queſtion but he will hereafter multiply your pleaſures in his own. In the mean time, may the Glories of heaven, and the Meditations of your incomparable Fathers unparallel'd vertues, keep a conſtant correſpondencie with your Royall heart; as it is the unfained prayers of him, who dedicates himſelfe to your Highneſſes perfections, and is

*MADAM,*

*A ſworn Servant to your vertues,*

Jo: QUARLES.

# To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

*I Have not much to ſay in my own defence for the weak performance of this work, which I confeſſe was hammer'd out of a diſturbed minde; therefore if there be any thing in it contray to thy diſpoſition, I ſhall deſire thee to moderate thy paſſion, and pardon my imbecility; for it is generally known that errours in grief, are incident to all: as for the errours of the Preſſe, I ſuppoſe them pardonable, in reſpect that it hath received many interruptions, and haſte, joyn'd with feare, are conductours to miſtakes: Now Reader, my occaſions beyond Sea adviſe me to bid thee adieu; the worſt that I can expect to ſuffer abroad, is but the extremities of Warre; and the beſt that I can expect at home*

*home: is but the worſt of miſeries, if therefore there be a neceſsity of ſuffering, I conceive it to be the beſt of ſufferings to ſuffer with the beſt of ſufferers, whoſe faithfull Subject I am, and thy Servant, Reader, (if thou art Loyall)*

JOHN QUARLES.

# A Dreame.

MOrpheus (thou Turn-key to all humane
sense)
Unlock my braine, that I may flie from
hence,
t of this Cage of sleep, let me not lie
nd drowne my senses in stupidity.
y thoughts surprise my thoughts, I cannot rest,
ave a *Civill Warre* within my brest;
e full of thoughts: what uncontroled streams
ow from the fancies Ocean? Oh! what dreame
re fail'd into my story mind? And bring
other burthen with them but a *King*,
*King*! could I but kisse that word, and not be
*Idolizer*; 'tis too great a faute (though

To kiſſe his *hand*. Nor can I think it ſtrange.
For *times*, & *māners*, needs muſt have their change
Tis true, I dream'd methoughts my watchful eye
Obſerv'd a *King*, and than a *ſacrifice*;
And raviſh'd with that *majeſty* and *grace*
I ſaw united in his modeſt *face*.
I ran to kiſſe his *hand*, but with a fall
I wak'd, and loſt both *King*, and *kiſſe*, and *all*.
And thus reſtored to my former ſenſe,
I thus proceeded in my thoughts; from whence
Ariſe theſe fancies, what? did *fancy* meane
To cauſe a ſudden fall to intervene
Between a kiſſe and me? 'twas an abuſe
That runs beyond the limits of excuſe.
I was enrag'd to think that I ſhould miſſe
(Being ſo near his hand) ſo ſweet a kiſſe.
I check'd my *fancy*; which was too preciſe
To make me run ſo faſt, yet loſe the prize.
Thoughts, follow thoughts, and when the firſt i
A ſecond riſes, which does oft prevent (ſp
An inconvenient action, many time
A ſecond thought gaines *virtue* by a *crime*.

The Fiſt being baniſh'd, *reaſon* thought it good
To place a ſecond, where the firſt thought ſtood,
And then I found my active *fancy* play'd
The *Politician*, and that thought allay'd
The former flames of paſſion in my breſt,
Then was I pleas'd with what my thoughts expreſt,
Which was to this effect——————

Methoughts I ſaw
A grieved *King*, whoſe very looks were *Law*.
He ſigh'd as if his tender heart had taken
A farewell of his body, and forſaken
This lower world, his ſtar-like eyes were fixt
Upon the face of *Heav'n*, his hands conmixt.
His *tongue* was parſimonious, yet my eare
(That was attentive) could not prevaile to heare
His whiſp'ring eccho: Oh be pleas'd t'incline
Thy ſacred eares! *Was ever grief like mine?*
Was ever heart ſo ſad? was ever eye
Deſtitute of *joy*, that had ſo many
To have had? though all be ſnacth'd from me,
Yet let me have an intereſt in thee.

Oh Heaven! and there he ſtop'd, as if his breſt
Had ſtept aſide to entertaine a death.
My ſoul was raviſh'd, and the private dart
Of new-bred love, ſtruck pity to my heart,
I could not hold, but ſilently bequeath
Some drops unto the ground, my ſoule did cleave
Unto his lips, for every word he ſpoke
Was ponderous, and would have eaſily broke
Th' obdureſt heart; I turn'd away my eye,
And ſuddenly methoughts I did eſpie
A *ſacrifice*; which when I did behold
My bloud recoiled, and my heart grew cold:
I was tranſported, and methoughts the place
Whereon I ſtood, ſeem'd bloudy for a ſpace:
I trembling, caſt my wearied eyes about,
Thinking to finde my former object out,
But he was gone; and in his roome was plac'd
A many-headed *monſter*, that diſgrac'd
The very place: they vaniſh'd, then appear'd
*A large-pretending rout*, as well be-ear'd
As *Balam's Aſſe*, methoughts they did excell
The *Aſſe* in *eares*, but could not ſpeak ſo well.

Methoughts they call'd *a Counsell* to contrive
Their high designes, and zealously dislive
Some great *Offenders* that they thought too wise
To live amongst such *eares*, such cast-up *eyes*:
*One* I observ'd amongst the studious *race*
That had (methoughts) a *bone fire* in his face:
Another I discry'd amongst the *pack*
That seem'd to bear a *Kingdome* on his *back*:
Another I beheld which pleas'd me best,
That could not rule *himself*, yet rul'd the *rest*:
Another I espy'd which seem'd to look
And read, but at the wrong end of his *book*:
Another I observ'd, which seem'd to weep,
And in conclusion, pray'd himself *a sleep*:
Another I discry'd, among these *Brothers*,
That vow'd 'twas right, because he'd pleade the
Another he stood up, and wisely broke (*others*:
His long-kept silent lips, and thus bespoke.
Come! let's no longer now be kept in awe,
Be sure our welfare is the *Supreme Law*;
*King*, that's nothing but a power that is
Ordinate; the Lawes are *ours*, not *His*;

Is't not the *People* makes a *King*? well, then
If we let him be *King*, we're *fools*, not *Men*:
For now we have him in his own-made *snare*,
We'l keep him fast, oh that we had His *heire*!
Come, let's proceed, and if our plots hit right
You shall be *Lords* at least, and I, *a Knight*.
And let *Malignants* prate, their Purses shall
Pay tribute for their *tongues* at *Gold-smiths-hall*.
And if *they* grumble at what *we* shall doe,
We'l make them pay their *lives* and *money* too;
The day is ours, let's not abuse that powre (so
Which *Heav'n* hath lent us, for sweet things pro
If not made use of, have we not been poore
And others rich? Come, let's increase our stor
*Had we but our deserts*, might we not crave
The priviledge of all that *others* have?
All's ours, and yet our miseries are such
That we are rich in *little*, poor in *much*;
Alas! our tender hearts are fill'd *with* pity
To see so many blind in one poor *City*;
If they would please in a true zealous fashion
To moderate their long-continued *passion*.

Two

would much rejoice the *Saints*, & we will pray
at they may live untill a wiser day;
e're very *pious People*, and we could
th live, and die together, if they would
furnish our desires with every thing
e want, and dote not too much on a *King*;
's but a *man* at most, and yet *they* must
lore His *Person*, though He be *unjust*.
I could not chuse but laugh the other day,
spy'd a *Cavalier* that closely lay
due to kisse his *hand*, and by and by
starts away, and when he was as nigh
hat which they call a *King*) as his own length
*legs* (not having that sufficient strength
*haste* requir'd) receiv'd a sudden fall
d overturn'd *himselfe*, his *King*, and *all*:
e sight much pleas'd me, being very near,
ever help'd the *King*, nor a *Cavalier*:
one retreated from that happy place,
d left them both in a distracted case;
as I went, I was so blest to meet
upright *Sister*, whose dividing *feet*

Stept

Stept with such innocency, that my heart
Did almost leap upon *her* to impart
My new-bred joy; her very looks betray'd
Her heart, indeed she was a lovely Maid;
I bow'd my self, and zealously imbrac'd
The small circumf'rence of her bending waste,
*I kiss'd her mouth*, and having done that duty,
My lips divided, and I prais'd her beauty;
Extreams of joy did almost make me faint:
I thought, oh! *here's a Sister for a Saint:*
I was amaz'd, my very soule did move
Between the great extreams of *feare*, and *love*;
She smil'd upon me, and that very smile
Prov'd a *Restorative*, and for a while
I mus'd; at last my lips began to break
As that smile had licenc'd them to speak;
Oh! then my *mouth* being nam'd with *words*, let flie
Both *wit*, and *language*, and did soare as nigh
As our *Remonstrance*, oh! how I did heat
Her eares with my discourse, it was so neat
As if my ready *mouth* had been the *Schoole*
Of *language*, yet she pleas'd to call *me Foole*;

But 'twas in jeſt I'm ſure, or were it not
'Tis nothing, ſince my goodneſſe has forgot
My *Siſters* weakneſſe, and indeed we *men*
Muſt bear with *Siſters* failings, *now*, and *then*;
They often trip in *zeal*, and ſometimes take
A fall, and love it for the *Giver's* ſake:
Our greateſt faults they'l pardon for a buſs,
Come, we muſt bear with *them*, they bear with *us*;
But after ſhe had call'd me *fool*, ſhe checkt
Her ſelf; I wiſely own'd it with neglect,
I ſpread my *cloake* upon the ground, and there
We cool'd our *paſſions* in the open aire:
Siſter, ſaid I, you have been pleas'd to ſpend
The name of *Foole* upon your faithfull *friend*,
It was my *worth* you raſhly did eclips,
And I'le have ſatisfaction from thoſe *lips*
That gave th' affront, let me no longer ſtay,
My fury will admit of no delay.
Dear *Brother*, ſhe reply'd, if it be ſo
You muſt have ſatisfaction, *tak't below*;
You ſoare too high at firſt, I muſt deteſt
Your lofty *play*, the middle *way* is beſt;

But

But if you are resolv'd, you shall not say
I'm obstinate; for if you *will*, you *may*:
I soone return'd her thanks, and with my hand
I pull'd her close, and made her understand
What I had seen: but oh how she was pleas'd!
Ah verily (said she) the news has eas'd
My longing *heart*. But when the *King* fell downe
Thou wert unwise thou hadst not snatch'd His *Crowne*.
'Tis rarely spoken *Sister*, had I had
The *Crown*, I should have made a gallant *Lad*;
Should I but sway the Scepter of this Land,
I'd make my *Subjects* die at my command;
I'd lop the *great ones* off, and make the *low*
Subordinate to *me*, I'd make them know
The *reins* were mine; but at the first I'de steale
Into their hearts, and fool them with my *zeal*.
I would declare unto the world, and take
An Oath, I acted for *Religions* sake:
I'd fill them full of *novelties*, and then
Sister thou knowst the common sort of *Men*
(Like flies) will buz about my new-made light;
I'd call them *Babes of grace*, and make them fight

With

With *Cerberus* himself in my defence,
My *Soule* now tells me, 'tis a rare *pretence*:
I'd hire some babbling *Preachers* to infuse
*Division*; and to flatter them with *newes*.
I'd plump their *soules* with *promises*, that they
Should never faile to *swear*, what should I *fay*;
I'd make my *Preachers* urge them all to joyne
And fight for God; then will their *Plate* be mine:
This is an *art* that lies above the reach
Of every *braine*: I'd suffer all to *Preach*
And sow *sedition*, every one should be
At least a *Saint* and preach upon a Tree:
And if my great occasions should require
Large summes of *money*, then would I inspire
A *Publique faith*; and if it would not rise
That way, I'd make the bellows of *Excise*
To puffe it up; this is a cleanly way
To sweep up money, *Souldiers must have pay*.
*Sister*, thou know'st 'tis no *disgracing stealth*
To make *Religion* rob the *Common-Wealth*:
What though *Malignants* raile at our designes,
We can extract our livings from their *fines*:

I've

I've ſpoke enough, now *Siſter* I'le divorce
My nimble tongue from this *profound diſcourſe*:
Now give me leave to dedicate my heart
To thee (my Patroneſſe) before I part.
Brother, alas! I am a harmleſſe maid,
And we you know are eaſily betrai'd
By mens deluſion: If your love be true,
The zeal of my affections light on you;
You know we ought to love, and none can be
More honeſt in their harmleſſe loves than we,
For we may love each other in the ſpirit,
And pray, and preach together, and inherit
Our owne deſires, whilſt others ſend their cries
To their beloveds, and yet looſe the prize.
*Siſter*, thou haſt exactly ſatisfy'd
My large deſires: may happineſſe betyd
The thriving *ſpirit*, truly 'tis a paine
To part, but that I hope to meet againe:
*London*, (that neſt of worth) that *yeilding place*,
I am reſolv'd to view, within the ſpace
Of forty howres, where I intend to ſpare
Some time, and ſee ſome *Brethren* I have there,

It

It is a goodly place, as *Fame* relates,
For there the *Sisters* live, and all the *States*;
Truly, th'are very godly, and pretend
Iust like *our selves*, to be a faithfull friend
To *King*, and *Monarchie*, when as Alas—
And then I wak'd, and let the other passe
Unutter'd, but indeed I doe confesse
I wish that I had heard a great deale lesse,
And yet (to speak the truth) I was perplext
Because I could not hear what followed next.
This was a midnights dreame, I was in paine
Till night had lull'd me in her armes againe,
And for the space of half a tedious howre
I was disturb'd, till sleep had gain'd some power
Over my slumb'ring senses, but at last
Call'd to the bar of sleep, I there was cast:
I had not long in peacefull pleasure slumber'd,
Before an interposing dreame incumber'd
My quiet fancy, suddenly my eare
Was fill'd with such a noise, as none could heare
Without much fear, as if th'incurved back
Of burth'ned *Atlas* had begun to crack.

Me-

Methoughts I saw the *Heav'ns* how they began
(As if th'ad scorn'd the glory of the Sun)
To frowne upon the earth, which seem'd to flame
Like sulpherous *Etna* from whose bowels came
Whole Regiments of *Spirits* which disturb'd
The aire, whose fury hated to be curb'd;
Methoughts they were ambitious to expell
Some *Potentate*, and make his seat, their Hell:
Methoughts at last (I slumb'ring) seem'd to hear
A single voice that whisper'd in my eare,
Yet thund'red in my heart, which made me grone
At every word; expreſt in such a tone
Which would with great facility have turn'd
A Tyrants heart, or else consum'd and burn'd
His breast to ashes, and if language could
Move pity in a flinty-soule, this would,
He bolted forth his griefs, like claps of thunder
As if each word should cleave a heart in sunder;
His voice being guarded with a pleasing force,
I sacrific'd my eares to his discourse;
Methoughts my soule, my very eares were blest
In giving audience, *whilst he thus exprest.*

Of

Oh Heaven! oh Earth! how can they chuſe but
To ſee them make *a foot-ball* of a *Crown*? (frown
How long ſhall I be made an aym'd at mark
Of pointed *envie*? ſhall *they* make *me* dark
That I made light? and ſhall that *light* devoure
The former principle? Unhappy howre
When my abuſed willingneſſe was made
A Stalk-horſe unto thoſe, who have bet'rayd
An Iſland unto tyranny; whoſe *Lawes*
Oppreſſe true *Subjects*, and make *me the Cauſe*:
Malitious *age*, and will their *fury* have
My end, untill it ſend *me* to my grave?
A grave moſt peacefull *Place*, for I'm ſure
There's no *Rebellion*; there I'le reſt ſecure
Where neither grief, nor care, ſhall date torment
My ſublime ſoule, there, there lies true content.
There there's the death of ſorrow, and the life
Of Peace, and there's a period to all ſtrife, (trie
There's none can mock my woes, there's none can
A King, nor make a Garriſon, but I.
And what I ſpake, my ſoule proteſts is true,
I am no ſlave to death, but unto you

My

My soul's my Gods, and Tyrants doe your w
*Job's soul was free, when's body was accurst.*
But you *blood-thirsty Zelots*, learn to know
You never can rise *high*, if I fall *low*.
I fear no *threats*, let torments all conjoyne
Themselves, at last ye'l find them *yours*, not m
What though I suffer here, my *sufferings* shall
Advance my *soul*; *May they not make you fall*
Let out my *life*, goe make a streaming *flood*,
And bath your *selves* in my diffused *blood*.
Let loose your *furies*, give your *passion* breath,
And let them blat my *body* unto *death*.
I am resolv'd, my heart shall flie above
The reach of fear, and view the God of love;
Consider well, what glory can accrew
From my destruction, to such soules as you;
Be not too rash, but know a *cause* that's dy'd
In guiltlesse *blood* cannot be justify'd,
A prosperous *vice* shall never claime a right
To perpetuity, 'twill but in-right
A totall *ruine*, 'tis a greater *Fame*
To die with *virtue*, than to live with *shame*

ou seek for *truth*, and yet you goe the way
o make the field of *truth* a *Golgotha*;
here is a great *antipathy* between
*action*, and *Peace*, and yet my eyes have seen
low you (whose restlesse spirits, still incensed
With *Faction*) seem to study for a *Peace*;
Doe not mistake, for they that will compose
difference, must never doe't by blowes:
The wound of Apprehensions may dissolve
You nourish *Spiders*, and destroy the *Flie*:
Who glories in a *crime*, will in conclusion
Receive a *curse*, and with that curse *confusion*:
long on be resolv'd, pray tell me why
Ye thinke ye cannot *live*, except I die?
Your thoughts are vain, 'twill be a *tainted breath*
That hath it's derivation from my *death*.
Am I a *Basiliske*? and can my eyes
Devoure you? for you know my body lies
Subject to be destroyd, not to destroy
By taking up of Arms) your *Kingly* joy:
But you suppose, If I should long survive,
I would become laborious, and contrive

Some new designes, & with my numerous *forces*
Divert the streame of your *unlawfull courses*;
Make *reason* your Companions, walke a while,
Consult together, stride not o're the *Stile*
When as the *gap* lies open, they're unwise
That will (when they foresee a harme) despise
Preventing means; for if you take this *life*
From my enjoyment, ye'l beget a *strife*
That will not end, and when that *strife* is bred
Then will my *wrongs* survive, though I am *dead*,
And you that caus'd my *guiltlesse heart* to bleed
Will find *another* to revenge the deed;
Aske Heaven's forgivenesse, for ye cannot crave
Leave to abscond your *crimes* within my Grave:
Be well assur'd, that ev'ry drop which parts
Out of my *veins*, shall cleave unto your hearts
Like tangling *bird-lime* which will hold you fast,
And *vengance* too, shall find you out at last,
Heav'ns all-surveying *eye* must needs observe
Your late uppolish'd actions, which deserve
As many torments as th'inraged hand
Of *veng'ance* can impose, or *Heav'n* command

Did I not labour with a serious breſt
During the *Treaty*, to reſtore ſome reſt
To this diſtemper'd *Kingdome*; but the gales
Of *Malice*, were oppugnant to my ſailes;
My heart was loaded with the large encreaſe
Of hopeful thoughts, my ſoul was fill'd with *peace*
But at the laſt my hopes prov'd uſeleſſe droſſe,
And then I loſt a *Crowne*, and found a *Croſſe*;
Heav'n heare my wiſh, oh grant I may comence
A *Doctor*, in the art of *Patience*!
It matters not how poor my Perſon be,
If at the laſt I may be crown'd with thee,
Thou know'ſt the ſecret corners of my heart
Which is at thy diſpoſing, for thou art
*The King of Kings*, and unto thee i'le pay
The tribute of my *ſoul*, both night, and day.
I am thy *Subject*, give me grace to ſtand
Firmly obedient to thy juſt *command*.
When for my *ſins* I ſhall receive thy *blowes*,
Oh give me power to *ſuffer*, not *oppoſe*.
Pardon my *Enemies* which have been ſtrong,
And alwayes ſtudious how to doe me wrong:

And though they'ave vented that which is un
*Father forgive, they know not what they doe.* (true,
They hate their *King*, & are not pleasd with any,
O grant good God, they may not find too *many*
The chiefest of their *worke*, is to devoure;
(*Stones* have usurpt their *hearts*, as they my *powres*
Against the sound of *Peace*, their *eares*, are bart'd
Oh never sure, was *Pharaohs* heart so hard.
They disrespect their *King*; it was not so
With *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*;
*Their tongues* have vilifi'd me oftentimes,
*These three* were never guilty of such Crimes;
*Their hearts* had vow'd obedience to their *King*,
And never try'd by force of Armes to bring
*Their* own Designes to passe; but their submission
Sent comfort to their souls, and much contrition
*To him*, whose more then seven times heated *brest*
Did soon regret what his hot rage exprest.

But well, since thus it is, I'le strive to swa
*The Scepter* of my *miseries*, and lay
A good foundation, that my *Foes* may build
*Their torments* on my *breast*, which shall be fill'd

With

With true content, I'le labour to support,
(But yet must yeald, when *death* shal storm the fort)
I cannot fear at *death*, I know it brings
A *finis* to my ancient *griefs*, and sings
*Anthems* of *Peace*; how happy's he that can
Flie to his *God*, and scorne the rage of *Man*:
*Thunder* ye *Sons* of *tyranny*, let rage
Flash from your sulph'rous *fouls*, strive to engage
*The flames* of *Etna* too, and let them dash
Against my *breast*; I'le owne them as a flash,
Flatter your souls, prepare your *hands* to do
Indeed; that Heav'n will not advise you to.
I pitty you, my heart cannot forbeare
To sighs and *Nature too*, commands a teare;
Oh that my *head* (like to a Fountaine) could
Furnish my *eyes* with teares, oh then I would
Begin the *morning*, and conclude the *day*
With *Drops*, and wash the black-brow'd *night* a-
Oh let my language whet your dull belief,
Twas you that fill'd my flowing heart with grief,
And now my Torments more and more excell,
Heav'n grant me *breath* enough to bid Farewell.

Farewell; ſad word, that like a bolt of thunder
Hath more then cleft my reaving *hearts* in ſunder.
Death is nothing like the *ſorrow* which I finde
Raſing a towre of *woe* within my minde.
Thou *partner* of my *ſoul*, how can I die
And leave thee here to weep a Lullaby
To my indulgent *babes*, how can it be
That I muſt leave ſo dear *a ſpouſe* as thee.
Poor *hearts*, If I muſt goe and leave you all
Confus'd together in the common *hall*
Of this inraged *world*, what will ye doe
But mourne for *me*, as I have mourn'd for you:
Oh where will you retire your ſelves, and ſpend
Your groaning *houres*, oh what regarding *friend*
Will give a minnits *audience*, or relieve
Your pining *wants*, or *moan* to hear you *grieve*?
What Nation will regard, or entertaine
(A royall) though a miſerable traine;
This is a ſorrow that divides my breaſt;
This is a *grief* that cannot be expreſt
Without a fractur'd *heart*, this is a wound
That makes *confuſion* active to *confound*.

Were

Were it a possibility to have
Ten thousand *Lyons* lodg'd within this *Cave*,
(This trunke of mine) they could not more tor-
My heart, then this unbounded *discontent*; (ment
Should all the *Tyrants* in the world contrive
A way to make a dying *soul* survive
With living *paine*, they never could exceed
The *Tyrants* of these *Times* in such a deed;
I have been long impriſon'd; and at last
Call'd to the *barr*; how soon I may be cast
*Heav'n* knows, not I, for *they* that were so *bold*
To bring me thither, will, if not controul'd,
Force me to *death*, their very *looks* declare
Their *resolutions*, whilst their hearts prepare
To suck my *veins*; Ah thus they have betray'd me,
And smile to see how *glorious* they have made me
They swell'd like *mountains*; and at last brough
The *Mouse* of *Reformation*, whose worth (forth
Is seated in all lofty *braines*, and hurl'd
Through every *corner* of th' inquiring *World*.
But why should I insist upon your *Crimes*.
May *heav'n* forgive you, and send better *times*:

I know my *dayes* are short, 'tis therefore meet
To leave this *crowne*, and buy a winding-sheet,
Be gon terrestiall *pleasures*, for ye are
But *Gaolers* to your *Keepers*, and insnare
Your fond *believers*, goe, my *heart's* no *tombe*
To give you *burial*, seek some other *roome*.
Fly then my *soul*: but stay, what *hand* is this
That seems to hold me from my long'd-for *blisse*;
More forward yet; will not th'*almighty* please
T'afford my *soul* on earth a minnits ease,
Oh thou that mak'st my *bosome* full of paines,
Grant that my working *soul* may reap the *gaines*;
Grief's growne a *Pollution*, and it keepes
A strong reserve; what eye is this that weepes
These briny teares into my fluent *heart*,
As if those *floods* should drowne me e're I part;
What *voice* is this I seem to heare? what tones
Are these that lavish out themselves in *groans*?
What ayles my *thoughts*? what neer related breath
Is this that seems to breath a sudden *death*
Into my panting *breast*? methinks I heare
A *female voice*, cry, must I languish here?

Hard-

Hard-hearted *death*, why art thou thus unkinde
To take him hence, and leave me here behinde
To weep his *obsequies*, draw up thy *bow*,
And send me whether I desire to goe. (flood,
Shoot, shoot, oh *Death*, thou shalt not be wish-
Come dip thy *arrows* in my crimson *blood*,
Feare not, let fly, and let thy *rovers* hide
Their twi-fork'd *heads* within my wounded *side*:
Oh Heav'n, since thou wert pleas'd to joyn our
And *hearts* together, let thy fittest cõmands (hands
Urge *death* to strike us *both*, that we may fly,
And dedicate our *souls* t'eternity;
Alasse, what *joy*, what *comfort* can accrew
To me, when *he* shall bid this world adue.
I liv'd within his *heart*, but ah, if he
Shall quit this *earth*, what *life* remaines in me.
Alasse sad *heart*, what canst thou doe but pine;
Never could *grief* be parralel'd with mine;
I am the *sea* of *grief*, all streames doe tend
Towards me, for ah my *sorrows* know no end;
The sturdy winds of *care*, and *trouble* blowes
Into my *soul*, my *Ocean* alwayes flowes

And

And never *ebbes*; oh miserable *age*;
How am I made a *subject* to their rage
Whose pare-boyl'd *souls* observe no other dyet
But *blood*; and seem to rest, in our disquiet;
You all-exceeding *Tyrants*, if ye thirst
For royall *blood*, be pleas'd to take mine first,
Mines but a *draught*, yee'le quickly swill it up,
Alas, it will not yeeld each *soul* a supp;
You are the *fountains* from whose brests do spring
The streames of *murder*, and your *souls* can sing
Nothing but bloody *notes*; you can contract
The body of all *mischief*, and enact
What pleases *you*; But will you subjugate
Your legall *King*, whose *patience* is your *hate*;
But if you seek his fatall overthrow,
Ye'le *murder* more then *thousands* at *one* blow;
But why doe *I* thus languish breath in vain,
On those whose *fury* have no ears; refraine
My trembling *tongue*; *Tyrants*; Ile leave you here,
And turn my thoughts to *Charls*, whose life's as dear
To me, as *death* is cheap to you; Alasse,
My *heart* is full, I cannot let thee passe

With-

Without a *figh*, nor can my eyes forbeare
To waſh thy *ſad remembrance* with a *teare*;
Has *Heav'n* decreed it muſt we be devided
Deare *King*; and muſt our ſorrows be derided;
Thou great *Recorder* of my thoughts, to thee
I will reſigne; command, and *I* will be
A ſubject to thy will; Oh let me have
Thy gracious *pardon*, then a ſpeedy *grave*,
For ah, what comfort can my waſting breaſt
Hope to receive, when *I* am diſpoſſeſt
Of ſuch a *Ioy*, alas where ſhall *I* ſeate
My *heart*; *teares* are my *drink*, and *ſighes* my *meate*,
Theſe pallid *lippes* of mine ſhall never dare
To owne a *ſmile*; *I'le* live with *griefe* and *care*,
Except my *God* will pleaſe to take me hence,
And make his glorious *Kingdome* my defence;
Was it not *griefe* enough to be abſented
Five *yeers* from him, whoſe *abſence* was lamented
With reall *dropps*, yet then *I* could obtaine
Some hopes to ſee him in his throne againe.
But harke! methinks my Fancy ſeems to heare
An aire of *comfort* breathing in my *eare*,

It

It is the voice of Charles, whose pleasing breath
Seems to advance me from the shades of death,
Methinks I hear his language, which distils
Out from the limbeck of his soul, and fills
My pining heart with a triumphing joy
His voice revives me, but his words destroy,
He thus proceeds, ——— oh thou that are the vine
Which twists about this twining heart of mine,
Approaching presence, and I will declare
How great my sufferings, and my comforts are:
First I was cast, and banded too, and free
From place, to place, permitted not to goe
Without a guard, a guard that did prefend
Rather to act a murder, then defend:
Then was I hurried to that fatall place
Of London, where I know I must uncase
My willing soul, which shall rejoyce, when they
That are my Judges shall presume to lay
Their accusations on me, and declare
My new-coyn'd faults, with their pretended care
And to advance their plotts, they first inferr
I am a Tyrant, and a Murderer,

Nay,

Nay and a *Traytor* too; If it be
That I'm a *Tyrant*, whose's my *Tyrannie*?
Or if a *Murderer*, I here require (sins.
To know whose blood it was that quench'd my
Suppose (but Heav'n forbid) it should be true,
It was against my *God* I sinn'd, not *you*.
Oh what an *age* is this, where seeming *Reason*
Pretends to make me *Traytor*, without *Treason*:
*Death*; come, and welcome, to my *heart*, I know
That my *Redeemer* lives, and that I owe
A debt to *Nature*, which cannot be pay'd
Till these condemned *corps* of mine are lay'd:
Now *grief* be gon, and let my *comforts* take
Possession of my *soul*, awake, awake
My slumbring *senses*, I'le triumph and sing,
For I have *found*, that Death hath *lost* her sting;
My *soul* informes me, that I must lay downe
This *Mortall*, for a true *immortall* Crowne,
I'm ravish'd with *delight*, methinks I have
A *Heav'n* within my bosome, to inslave
The *Hell* of torments; grief must stand aloof,
Not daring to approach within my roof;

The

The pleasures of this *world* doe seem to run,
And fly (like mists) before the morning *Sun*,
They're all but transetory; and can lay
No claime to perpetuity, to day
They seem like *messengers* of Joy; to morrow
They prove sad *Heraulds* & proclaime a sorrow
As for the Joyes of *heav'n*, they farre surmount
My souls *arethmatick*, I cannot count
Those numerous *delights*, which alwayes be
Attendants to the *souls* eternitie:
Thou great *Redeemer*, to whose sacred powre
I now addresse my self, my long'd for *houre*
Is almost come, ther's but a little blase
Remains behinde, and yet methinks my dayes
Seem tedious to my *soul*; I long to throw
This *burden* downe, that presses me below,
But since thy pleasure must be done, not mine
Call when thou pleaseſt; for my *soul* is thine;
I'le not resist thy *hand*, but kisse thy *rod*,
I am thy *Creature*, thou my gracious *God*:
Come my indulgent *Ioyes*, and let my breath
Inhabbit in your *eares* before my death,

Tho

ou *Consort* of my heart, why doſt thou waſte
oſe pearly *drops*, why do they make ſuch haſt
leave the ſweet poſſeſſions of thy *eyes*,
hat? wilt thou make a watry *Sacrifice*;
doe not weep, *Heav'n* is not pleas'd to ſee
oſe gliding ſtreames, which trickle down for
tender *Babes*, oh why doe you ſtand by (me;
dimitate your *Mothers* ſtormy eye,
draine thoſe tears; for every drop you ſhed
lls on my moyſt'ned *heart*, and there hath bred
brim-fill'd *fountaine*, which at laſt will drownd
*heart*, and give your *ſelves* the greateſt wound.
t not, oh let not, your ſad *eyes* expreſſe
great a *ſorrow*, for my happineſſe;
heer up; cheer up deare *ſouls*, & learne to keep
oſe tears, or weep, to ſee your *Mother* weep,
eep not for me, I'm going to receive
laſting *Crowne*, oh leave (for heav'ns ſake) leave
oſe heart-infringing *groans*, why doe ye vex
*Heav'n* deſiring *ſoul*, and thus perplex
ur penſive *hearts*, forbeare, and be appeasd,
no: *diſpleaſed*, with what Heav'n is *pleas'd*;

Oh

Oh how can ye expect that hee'l fulfill
Your large *desires*, if thus you thwart his will
Come smile upon me, and that smile will gi
My *heart* a great incouragement to live,
Death's but a speedy passage from this *life*,
Unto a better, and concludes all strife
Between this World and us, whilst here we d
Corrupted *sins* we're subject to the *law*
Of *grief* and *care*, which daily circumvents
Distordious *hearts* with griping discontents.
Be not dejected at my *death*, but rather
Rejoyce, to think that *heav'n* will be your *fa*
Comfort your woefull *mother*, that hath bee
A carefull *Parent*, and my loyall *Queen*;
Give her that full *Obedience* which is due,
And *Heav'n* will be affectionate to you.
Oh let the feare of *God* be alwaes plac'd
Before your eyes; Let *virtue* be imbrac'd;
What ere ye doe, be carefull to reserve
A spotlesse *minde*, which will at last preserve
Your heav'n-bred *souls*, let not your *furies* rage
Into *revenge*, but labour to asswage

flames of *anger*, let them not aspire
nd your reach; *Passion's the worst of fyre*:
ot too much addicted to the hate
*y*, but be wisely *moderate*,
d when your *hands* begin to undertake
onsequentiall *worke*, be sure t'awake
r slumb'ring *reasons*, labour to advise
h *hea'n*, and he will crowne your *enterprise*
th full successe; and if your *foes* should chance
gaine the day, permit your thoughts to glance
n your private *Crimes*, and learne to know
effect can never absolutely show
e justnesse of a *cause*, for oftentimes
Heav'n is pleas'd to pardon private *Crimes*
h publique *means*; God knows my *cause* was
yet he lay'd my *Armies* in the dust: (just,
ll I repine because I dayly see
*foes* prevaile, and triumph over me,
no I will not, they shall *live* to *dye*,
en I shall *dye*, to *live*, and glorifie
*Generall* of Heav'n, within whose *Tent*
pe to rest, where *Time* will ne're be spent.
now, ah now, these *lipps* must bid *farewell*,
thinks I hear (Deaths Orator) the *Bell*

Plead for an *issue*, and I must not stay,
*Death* comes in haste, and I must post away
Come then my tender *Babes*, & Deareſt *Sp*
(Thou that wert alwayes constant to thy *vo*
And let theſe ſhort-liv'd *armes* of mine incl
You all together, e're I doe repoſe
My earth-defatigated *limbs*; forbeare
To drench my *farewell* in ſo large a *teare*;
My deare *Relations*, if my waſting *glaſſe*
Afford no *ſand*, I muſt be gon; Alaſſe
Teares cannot hold my *ſoul*; and who may h
More priviledge to *take*, then he that *gave*;
My *Iourney's* almoſt ended, and I muſt
Take up an *Inn*, and lodge my ſelf in *duſt*,
Then ſhine upon me with the beams of *mirth*
That I may ſay, I ſaw a *heav'n* on *earth*,
A pleaſing *ſmile*, or *two*, will make me know
No paine in *death*, but if in *teares* you flow,
Oh then ———

———But know, my *deareſt*, Heav'n will
A fitter *husband* for thee far than *me*.
Thou need'ſt not fear thy *foes* contriving *harm*
Th[illegible] cannot keep thee from his folding *armes*,

they have done from *mine*; oh may wee meet,
ire not say, within a *winding-sheet*;
r I am sure those weeping *Babes* will misse
unwelcome *absence* of so great a *blisse*,
when thy *husband*, heav'n shal please to bring
y *soul* into his *Quire*, oh then wee'l sing
olonged *Anthems*, where we shall combine
r *souls* together, in a place *devine*; (*hand*
l then —oh why, why does thy trembling
eeze within *mine*? Ah me, why dost thou stand
d gaze upon me? are thy *veins* affray'd
o entertaine thy *blood*? has *grief* betray'd
hy fainting heart to *death*, wilt thou precede
y resolutions, give me leave to lead
e way to *heav'n*; Alasse, and wilt thou die
ecause I cannot *live*? cast back thine *eye*
pon thy Royall *Issue*, doe but see
ow fast their *eyes* doe saile in *tears* to thee,
ll let the sight of them revive thy *heart*,
heer up, and give me courage to depart;
For they that dye because another dyes,
Usurpe a Death, and make themselves a prize;
oe not, oh doe not, thus torment thy *soul*
or my *departure*, if you must condole,

Condole my *stay*, my *soul* desires to be
Disolu'd (Indulgent God) and rest with thee
A bed of *Roses*; that's a fading *sweet*,
Oh there's no comfort to a winding *sheet*,
A *Grave's* the best of *Pallaces*: for there
Is neither whining *grief*, nor pining *care*:
Why should we scorne this *earth* that entertai
Our wearied *bones*, and hides us from our *pain*
*Earth* is a place of *worth*, yet would I have
Not any dote upon't, but for a *grave*:
Now *death*, march bravely on, d let thy d
Sing as it flies unto my obvious *heart*,
What? art thou daunted? dost thou feare to ki
Because I am a *King*; what? daunted still?
Why dost thou look so *pale*? what, art tho
By *Majesty*: or has thy *self* disarm'd (charm
Thy *self*, or else art thou asham'd to doe
So foul a *deed*, or wil't thou not imbrew
Thy *shafts* in Royall *blood*? Come, lay aside
Thy *feare*, and *shoot*, or else my *foes* will *chide*
But hold a while (nor doe I bid thee stay,
Because my *soul's* desirous of delay)
Once more thou sole-*Commandresse* of my *brest*,
Draw neere, before I fall into my *rest*,
Approach
begun.

oach unto me, let these *lipps* of mine
ile a *farewell* on those *cheeks* of thine,
ep not, but let thy tender *knees* salute
*ground* with *mine*, let's labour to consute
*sorrows* with our *prayers*, and recommend
*souls* to *beav'n*, whose *glory* knows no *end*;
u *great*, thou *glorious*, thou all-ruling *King*,
u *Rocke*, thou *fountaine*, thou eternall *spring*
*Grace*; we that are cloathed with the *night*
*sin*, present our *selves* into thy *sight*,
l with unfained *hearts* devoutly pray
t thou wouldst send thy *Son* to chase away
r soul-absconding *cloudes*, that thou mayst
leasure to behold us, for his sake take
begg this needfull grace, in whom we know
u art well pleased, and to whom we owe
ebt unpayable, oh therefore let
y satisfying *mercy* pay our *debt*; (tune
hear our *prayres*, which strongly do impor-
y gracious *pardon*, though it was our fortune
be unfortunate, yet let us be
ulgent *Father*, fortunate with *thee*,
rgive our youthfull *sins*, and speak some *peace*
o our *souls*, and as our *sins* encrease,

So let thy *mercy*, more, and more abound,
That having *lost* our sinnes, thou may'st be found
Heale our *back-slidings*, guide us in thy way,
That so our feet may never goe astray;
Oh *blesse* these *blessings*, which thy blessed *hand*
Bestow'd upon me, let them fill the Land
With good *examples*, guard them from their *foes*
And send them *patience*, when thou send'st them
Hear *me* for *them*, oh God, & *them* for *me* (*woes*
And hear our *Saviour* for us *all*, and be
A *father*, and a *husband* to them all,
And let me *rise* in *mercy* when I *fall*;
Strengthen their *soules*, and teach them to renew
Their *patience*, when my *soul* shall bid adue
To this infatuated *world*, oh let
Their *hearts* seclude all *grief*, for 'tis a debt
That must be *pay'd*, let thy *exchequer* take
Such ill-coyn'd *treasure*, as my *soul* can make,
Oh grant (dear Father) this my great *request*,
Then take me when thou pleas'st to thy *rest*:
So; now my *loyes*, be cheerfull, let's create
A heav'nly *mirth*, and let our *sorrowes* waite
Upon our *pleasures*, let our watchfull *eyes*
Observe our *makers* great *immunities*.

Let's

et's first observe how his free *hand* provided
or us, before we were, how he devided
The *water* from the *land*, and made it drie
To entertaine our *feet*, and made the *skie*
To give us *light*, and afterwards, he made
Poor helplesse *Man*, that suddenly betray'd
Himself to *ruine*, and by deviation,
Abus'd the *glory* of his free *Creation*,
But see the bounty of our *God* above,
Who quickly turn'd his *fury* into *love*,
And sent a speedy *balsome* to make sound
The deadly *anguish* of so deep a *wound*;
And shall we be *ungratefull*? shall wee not
Remember *him*, that never yet forgot
To pitty *us*? and shall we waste our *dayes*
In vaine *contentions*, and not give him *prayse*
That gave us his owne *Son*? whose willing *breath*
Redeem'd our *souls* from everlasting *death*.
Alasse how miserable had we been,
Had his spontanious *death* no: stept between
*Veng'ance*, and *us*, and shall we then deny
What he *requires*, if he command that *I*
Retire unto *him*, shall my *soul* refuse
To run unto him, and imbrace the *news*;

Oh no, it must not, hee's accurst that shall
Desire to *stay*, if *heav'n* be pleas'd to call,
*Death* has no *ears* to hear *complaints*, 'tis vaine
To weep for *that* which *teares* cannot regain:
You my sad *standers* by, when *death* shall send
A *Message* to my *heart*, forbear to spend
Offensive *teares*; but rather *joy*, that I
Am gone before *you* to *Eternity*,
Where now methinks I see you *all*, and heare
The lofty *Seraphims* salute my eare
With heav'n bred *raptures*, which does even
My *soul* out of my *eares*, I long to goe (woe
And fill my self with *melody*, and sing
Perpetuall *halalaiahs* to my *King*:
So; now my wasting *lampe* begins to blase,
Come *Death*, and put a period to my *dayes*,
Let out my *life*, that I may fly unto
My *God*, and bid this loathed *world* adue:
Adue vaine *pleasures* of unconstant *earth*,
Adue false *loyes*, and world-derived *mirth*:
My dear *Relations*, I must now expresse
A farewell to you *all*, and then adresse
My *self* to *Heav'n*, within whose *Court* I shall
(My soul now tells me) shortly meet you *all*.

Till

ill then enjoy what *heav'n* shall please to give,
nd rather study how to *dye*, then *live*;
ake use of *time*, and languish not in vaine
hose *houres* which cannot be recall'd againe,
omfort each other, and if *fortune* frowne,
ile you at *fortune*, lay your *sorrows* downe
fore the face of *Heav'n*, and hee'l releeve
our pining *wants*; oh let your hearts not grieve
ot *food*, and *raiment*, labour to be true,
nd he that *feeds* the *Ravens*, will feed *you*;
h let your morning *thoughts* be sure to mount
o *heav'ns* high *Altar*, give him an account
f all your *Actions*, they which every day
ake their accounts to *God*, prepare a way
o goe to *Heav'n*; But *time* will give me leave
'expresse no more, my *soul* begins to cleave
nto a blest *eternity*, my *heart*
eclares unto *me*, that I must depart;
*Time* whets his sithe: oh doe not ring my *Knell*,
*ith sighs and sobbs, farewell, my loves, farewell*:
So; now the *Load stone* of this *world* shall have
o art t'attract my *soul*, I'le not enslave
y self to *earth*, shall transitory *toyes*
urrept my *soul* from heavens eternall *joyes*?

Oh

Oh no, they ſhall not; now I'le dedicate
My *ſelf* to thee (my God) who didſt create
Both *ſoul* & *body*; thou that knowſt the thought
And *hearts* of *Kings*, and numerates their *faults*,
Pardon what *I* have done amiſſe to *thee*,
Forgive my *enemies*; Thou know'ſt I'm free
From what I *ſuffer* for; thou know'ſt my *hands*
Are *clear* from *blood*, thou know'ſt that my *con*
Were not tyranical, thou knowſt my breſt (*man*
Was never ſtain'd with Treaſon; My requeſt
Oh God is this; That thou would'ſt make them
(And timely feel) what a moſt wilful blow (*kno*
Th'ave given to their Conſciences; oh turne
Their flaming hearts to thee, which daily burn
Againſt thy ſervants, cauſe them to relent;
And let their griefs induce them to repent,
Be mercifull to them, as they were cruell
To me, and mine, oh quench the blazing feuell
Of their deſires, give them not their deſerts,
But waſh my blood from their unfountain'd (hearts;
And as for me, preſented to thy eyes
Suppos'd (as an attoning Sacrifice) (triv'd
By them whoſe ſcav'n yeers mallice have con-
My downfall; when my body is diſliv'd

Receive

ive my soul into thy glorious Tent,
mak't a member of thy Parliament;
farewell world, and dirt-composed Crowne,
well earths smiles, & fortunes surly frowns,
*rewell to you that thus my life expell,*
*h may my farewell, make you all farewell.*

*der*; the sound of *death* hath made me start
of my *slumbers*, and my wakned *heart*
nbles within me: Oh what shall we doe?
may I never *dreame*, to *dreame* thus true;
since 'tis so, (kind Reader) let thy *eye*
rway the pathes of his sad *Elegie*,
rish not out your *teares* too fast, but keep
strong *reserve*, your *eyes* must *bleed*, or *weep*.
*ll thou adue, and when I meet thee there,*
*eader, assure thy self*, I'*le* spend a teare.

AN

# AN
# ELEGY
UPON
*That never to be forgotten*
# CHARLES,
THE FIRST;
(but too soon Martyr'd) *King of* England,
Scotland, France *and* Ireland.

[illegible] with unmoved Constancy, lay'd downe
[illegible]e, t'exchange it, for a heav'nly Crowne.

*Jan.* 30. 1648.

——— *Inedibus Regum*
*Mors venit* ———

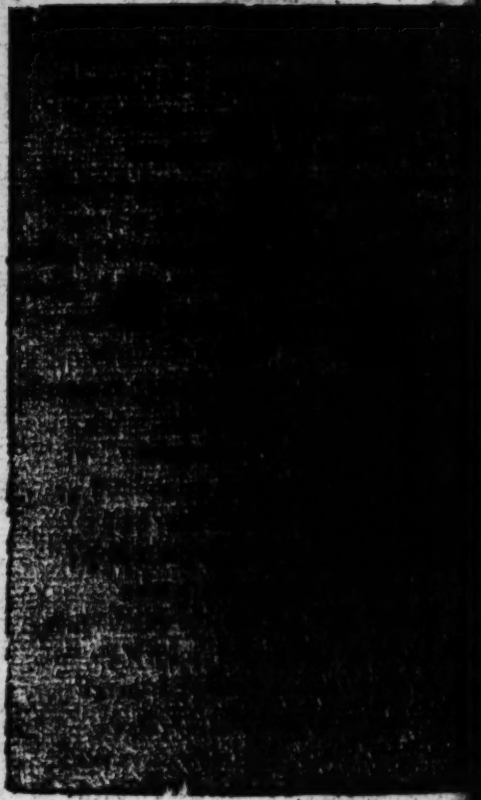
Printed in the Yeer. 1648.

# AN
# ELEGY
## upon
## That never to be forgotten
# CHARLES,
## THE FIRST;

WHat; doe I dream, or does my *fancy* ſcatter
Into my various *minde* a reall matter.
hat ayls my *thoughts*? what uncorrected *paſſion*
is, that puts my *Senſes* out of faſhion?
here am I hurried? what ſanguinious *place*
is I breath in, garniſh'd with *diſgrace*;
hy; what's the reaſon that my *eyes* behold
e waves of *blood*? does the *Red Sea* infold

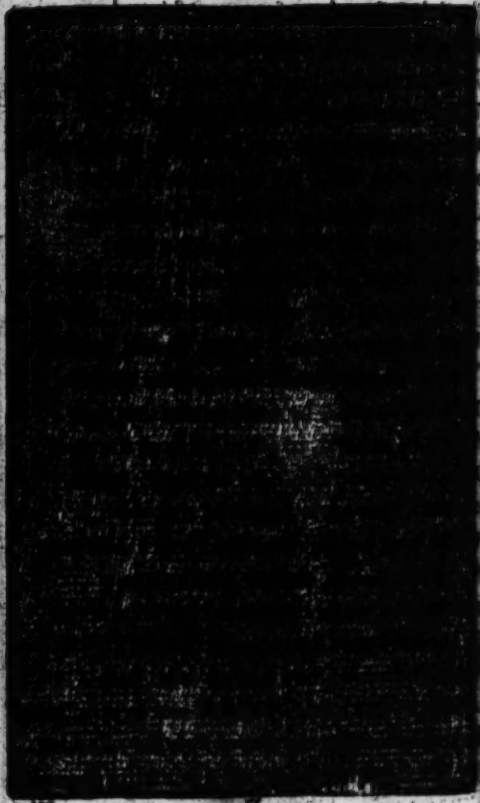
My shivering *body*, oh what stormy weather
Was that, which violently tost me hither;
Where am I now? what rubicundious *light*
Is this? that bloodye my amazed sight?
What *Reformation's* this that's newly bred,
And turnes my *white*, into so deep a *red*.
Awake my *fancy*, come, delude no more,
Say; are my *feet* upon the *English shore*?
Yes not; these are stumping thoughts that raine
Within the Kingdom of a troubl'd braine:
This be *England*, oh what alteration
Lately bred within so blest a *Nation*;
My soul is now assured, for I see
Those lofty Structures where mild Majestie
Did once reside; abounding with a *flood* (*blood*,
That swells (& almost moates them round) with
*blood*, sad object, that wer't lately crown'd
With a most glorious *prince*; how art thou drownd
In Royall *blood*? was not thy *maker-veine*
Open'd of late, ah, who can stop't againe?
Look round about thee, and thou shalt discry
In every *face* imports an *Elegy*.
Know thy self, see how thou art ingrain'd
With guiltie *blood*: was ever *Land* so stain'd?

[illegible] must your hearts expect a cloudy *night*
[illegible] *Bel'is* ses, and *Cynthia* wants her light:
[illegible] dost thou thinke, *O England*, to immure
[illegible] self in *blood*, and alwayes rest secure?
[illegible] no, assure thy self, there is a hand
[illegible] rules *above*, which will correct thy *land*:
[illegible] well advis'd, oh Nation; learn to know
[illegible] language cannot ebb, when blood shal flow,
[illegible] *hearts* all *eyes*, all *hands*, all *tongues*, all *Quills*
[illegible] *think*, will *weep*, will *write*, & *speak* their *wills*,
[illegible] not invoke; this Subject will invite
[illegible] obdurest hearts, and teach that pen to write
[illegible] ich never fram'd a Letter, and infuse
[illegible] seed of Life, into a barren *Muse*:
[illegible] ou Great *Instructor*, teach me to distill
[illegible] *Eagles* Vertues, with an *Eagles* quill:
[illegible] s'd by a *fall*, my *Muse* begins to sing
[illegible] melancholly farewells of a *King*.
And is he gone! did not the dolefull *Bells*
[illegible] solve, when as they told his sad *Farwells*.
[illegible] be gone? what language can there be
[illegible] aining in this *land*, except, *Ah me*.
[illegible] me, Ah lasse, how is this *realme* unblest
[illegible] ich a losse?——I cannot speak the rest:



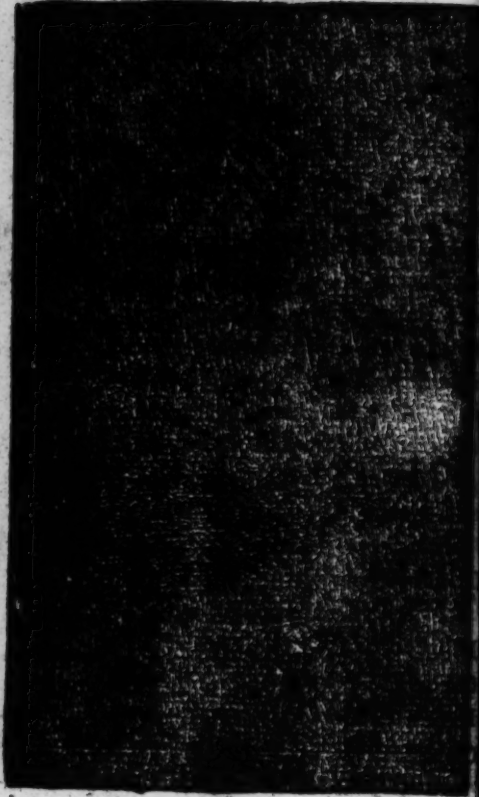
y *heart* is full of *arrowes* short of late
m the stiffe *Bowe* of a commanding *State*.
wound is *mortal*, yet in spight of *paine*;
pull them out, and shoot them back againe;
d when my *tongue* shall empty out my *heart*,
*death* surprize me with a single *dart*,
strive t'out-face *Rebellion*; and my eyes
ll scorne all new-invented *Tyrannies*;
*row* will not be tongue-tyd, *tydes* must run
ir usuall *courses*, till their strength is done,
e a streame of *grief* within my brest,
tumbles up, and down, and cannot rest,
resolv'd (let death diswade) to speake
t *Reason* dictates, or my *heart* must break
mount the *stage*, let *standers* by behold
*ctions*, for my *sorrows* must be bold,
e not *those*, whose *powers* may controul
language of my *tongue*, but not my *soul*;
nce dejected *souls*, hear *reason* call,
t the *truth* be passive, though we fall.
not to owne those *teares*, which you ha
for a *Publick* discontent; (spen
your *tongues* be Pris'ners to your *lippes*
*Justice* calls, oh let not *fear* ecclipse

The light of *truth*, rouse up your selves, draw neare
*[illegible] Justice findes a tongue, finde you an eare.*
The *day's* expir'd, bright *Sol* hath drawn his head
Within the curtaines of his *Tethean* bed,
Where shall we hide our slumbring *soules*, and lay
Our wearied *limbes*, till he renewes the day?
A day! Alasse, have not our wretched eyes
Seen a great *fall*? can we expect a *Rise*?
Should *Heav'n* (who justly may) command his
T'expell his *light*, as we have lately *ours*, (powres
What should we doe? where should we finde a
That have by too much doing, quite undone (*sun*;
Our wilfull *selves*? by snuffing out that *light*
Which he inspir'd, to guard us from the *night*
Of sad *confusion*; Ah, how could we spoile
So pure a *lampe*, and so usurpe that *oyle*
Which was ordain'd to nourish us? We run
To light a *Candle*, and put out the *Sun*;
In vaine we waste our times, and range about
To look for new lights, now the old Light's out,
Seek; and we may finde; but *heav'n* knows
*Lights* were made by *God*, & *new* by *men*, (when
Like *England*, for thy *Grand Vpholders* downe,
*Feet* have lately spurn'd against thy *Crowne*,

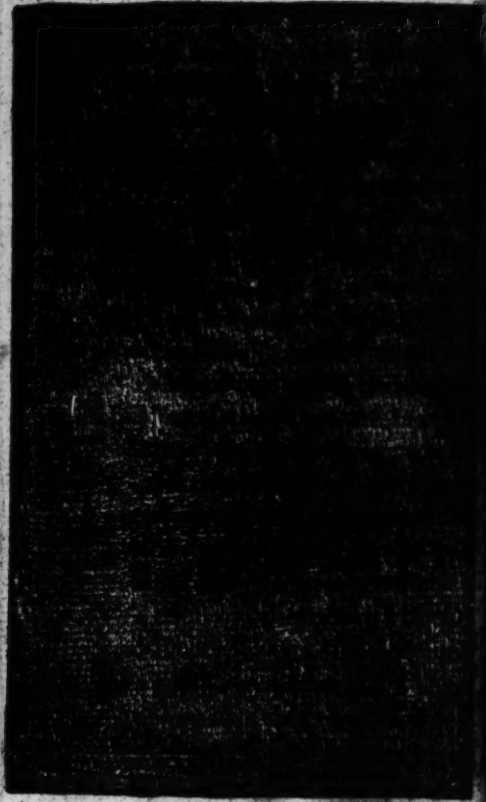


Thy *hands* are daub'd with *blood*, one *ruine* calls
An *other*, to t he others *funeralls*;
*Destruction* thunders, and the *earth* is fill'd
With doleful *ecchoes*; blood that hath been spill'd
By unjust *hands* (like Seas) begin to roare,
As if 'twould take revenge upon the *shore*:
The whistling *woods*, and their subjected *springs*
Sends forth Elegious *blasts*, each corner rings
With unaccustom'd *sounds*; All things expresse
(By their prognosticating looks) unhappinesse;
Deploring *Philomel* does now repeate
Contristed *notes*, upon her *Thorny seate*;
She has forgot those sweet nocturnall *notes*
Which lately charm'd all *sorrow*, now she dotes
Upon her woefull, her prolixed *tones*,
And findes no *sweetnesse* in her *bitter* groanes?
The *Commons* of the *aire* conspire to throw
Their *Soveraigne* downe, and will not fly so low
As formerly; but are resolu'd to be
Oppugnant to the *Eagles Majesty*.
*How pregnant is Rebellion every where,*
*Not onely here on earth, but in the aire?*
Can *thunder* roare, and not the lofty sound
Be heard? can *Cedars* fall unto the ground,

And



d not be seen? can *Mountaines* shrinke away
d not observ'd? or can there be a *day*
hout a *Sun*? or can there be a *night*
hout some *darknesse*? can there be a *light*
out unwanted? or can *murther* be
mmitted upon sacred *Majestie*,
d not lamented? [illegible] no humane *heart*
n be so *brazen*, as not to impart
ne *sorrow* to the *world*, for such a losse,
*gold is gone, how uselesse is the drosse*:
mournfull *Muses*, light your *Torches* all,
nd your *glory* to his Funerall;
l your *Mecænas* dye, and you stand still,
d not appeare upon *Parnassus hill*?
y, away, invoke *Appollies* aide,
him that your *Mecænas* was betray'd
o an unlawfull *death*, and you desire
o sacrifice a *verse*; And then retire:
Could I translate my *heart* into *a verse*,
e pinne it with my *soul* upon his *herse*.
ld I command the *world*, I'de make it burne
e a pure *lampe* upon his sacred *Vrne*:
ld I command all *eyes*, I'de have them make
s a memoriall for Great *Charles* his sake)



*sea* of teares, that after *ages*, may
ment to see, but not lament to say
dy'd without a *teare*; and it should be
'd the salt *Sea* of flowing *Loyalties*: (spend
ld I command all *hearts*, I'de make them
e drops of *blood* upon his *tombe*, and send
lions of *sighes* to Heav'n, that may expresse
death was *Englands* great unhappinesse;
ld I command all *tongues*, I'd make them run
rision on his *praise*, till *time* were done;
ld I command all *hands*, I'de strike them dead
nse they should not rise against their *head*.
ld I command all *feet*, I'de make them goe
give the *Son* that duty which they owe
his deserts——

in a *desert*, and I know not where (faire
guide my steps, that path which seems most
es most pernicious to me, and will lend
eet a good *beginning*, but no *end*.
r *Charles*, oh happy word, but what's the
's th'application of so good a *Text*) (next
ad; most killing word; what is he dead?
y more (if more may be) hee's murthered;

...en my thoughts are murther'd; my sad eyes
...l never cease to weep his Obsequies:
...rne this *place* into a bubbl'ing *spring*
...iny *teares*; and then I'le freely bring
...crifice to *sorrow*, which shall be
...ming *heart* that's crown'd with *Loyaltie*:
...ow could I spend an age in thoughts, and tyre
...night with *sighes*, methinks I could inspire
...*ow* it self, and teach it to proclaime
...at ruine waites upon our new-bred *flame*:
...'tis in vaine, perswasions have no powre
...them, whose *resolutions* can devoure
...*Law* and *Reason*, two most horrid *Crimes*
...ese pernicious, these contentious *Times*:
...e then my thoughts, and let us ruminate
...n our *sorrows*; oh unhappy *Fate*,
...y didst thou snuffe out *Charles* his royall *blaze*
...e *Aurora* of his well-spent dayes?
...'tis in vaine to blame thee, for thy hand
...not refraine to strike, if *God* command;
...'a saw he was too *good* to be enjoy'd
...but not too *good* to be destroy'd
...his owne *glory*; Let's rejoyce, we had
...good a *King*; but grieve, to think how bad

We

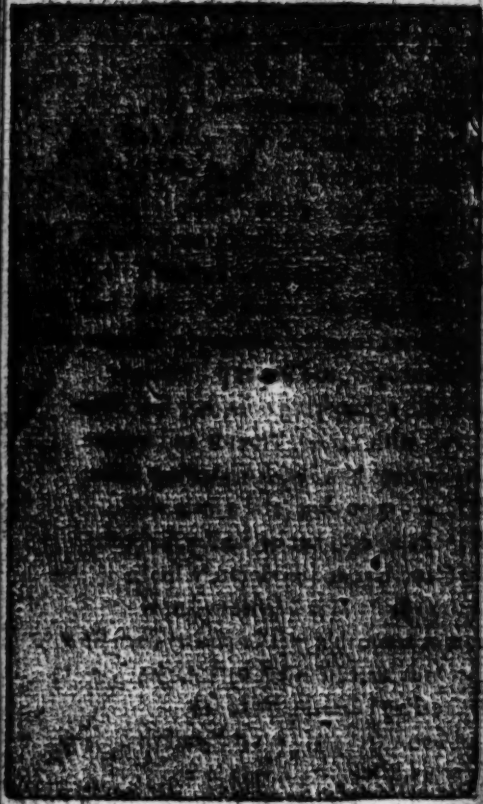
UMI

us'd his *goodnesse*; VVe may justly say,
gave in *mercy*, what he took away
*Judgement*, for his owne commands appointed
should not *touch*, (much more slay) his *anoin-*
yet we have, (as if our hearts had sworn (*sed*
contradict his will) abus'd, and torn
owne *Vicegerent*, to whose thriving *hand*
gave the *Scepter* of a glorious *Land*:
now (unhappy Land) thy glorie's fled,
*Crowne* is fallen, and thy *Charles* is dead;
then, deplore thy self, whilst others sing
living *vertues* of thy martyr'd *King*;
glory shall survive with *Fame*, when they
lye forgotten in a heape of *Clay*
were the *Authors* of his *death*, their bones
ll turne to *ashes*, as their hearts are *stones*:
did my *tongue* expresse that they should be
got; oh no, their long liv'd *Tyrannie*
ll be *perpetuall*; harke, misfortune sings
*worst of Tyrants, kill'd the best of Kings.*
the best; what impious *tongue* shall dare
contradict my language, or impare
living *worth*, and they that goe about
blast his *Fame*, oh may their *tongues* drop out.

Pardon oh *Heav'n*, if passion make me breake
Into extreames, who can forbeare to speake
In such a lawfull *cause*? may we not claime
A Priviledge to speak in *Charles* his name.
Any timerous? then let them keep
Their language, and reserve themselves to weep:
Any Joyfull? let them keep their mirth
To please the *Tyrants* of this groaning *earth*.
Any *sorry*? let them keep their *grief*
Till *heav'n* shall please to send their soules *relieefe*;
Did ever *Iland* finde so great a *losse*?
Was ever *Nation* crownd with such a *crosse*?
Could ever *Kingdome* boast they had a *Prince*
That cou'd be more *laborious* to convince
The *errours* of his *times*, or contradict
The dictates of his *rage*, or be more strict
In his *Devotions*; ne're did *Prince* inherrit
So rich a *Crowne*, with so inrich'd a *Spirit*.
He was the best of *conquerours*; he made
Conquests of *hearts*, although he was betray'd
By some inferiour *spirits*, which he found
Had lately started from the lowely *ground*,
And were not worth a *conquest*; yet he gave
Them more *respects* then their *deserts* could crave

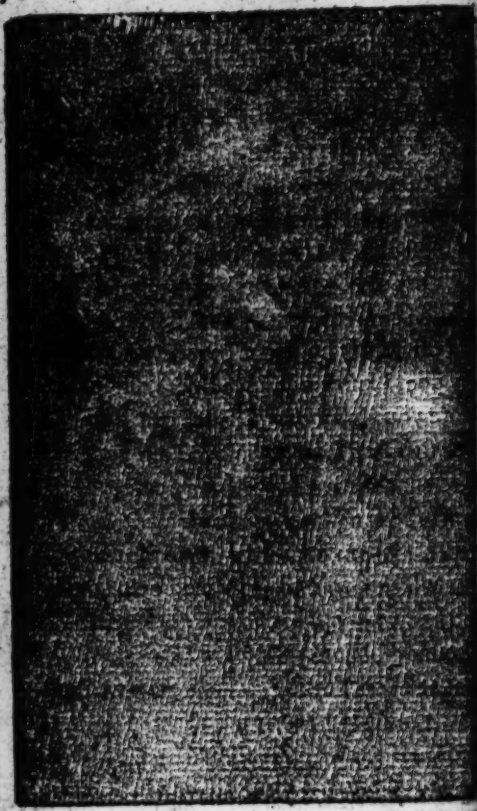
None could *observe* during the the time he stood
Before his *Pilates*, that his royall *blood*
Mov'd into *fury*, but his *heart* was prone
To hear their *speeches*, and retort his *owne*;
But when they found his *language* did increase
With *sense*, he was desir'd to hold his *peace*,
And some related that their *furies* bred,
Because his *hast* inclos'd his royall *head*.
*Good God, what times are these, when subjects dare*
*Presume to make their Soveraigne stand bare*;
And when they sent him from their new-made
Of *Justice*, basely *spit* upon his *face*, (*place*
But he, whose *patience* could admit no date,
Conquer'd their *envies*, and subdu'd their *hate*.
Ah who could blame our *Soveraigne* to decline
Their *wayes*, and say, *was ever grief like mine*?
First when his *feet* approach'd into the *Hall*,
The ill-tun'd *tongues* of *sycophants* would call
Loud for *Justice*, though they never knew
What *Justice* was, yet still they would renew
Their most *confounding*, and *discordious* notes,
And baul for *Justice* with their sluce-like *throat*;
But he, that *Lambe* of Patience, never vented
A word of *anger*, but with speed prevented

Their loudest *eryes*, and with a pleasing *breath*
Reply'd; If *Justice* can be gain'd by *death*,
Ye shall not want it, only be content,
Ye may as soon endeavor to *repent*,
As now ye doe to spill my *blood*; advise,
Your *souls* will suffer for your forward *eryes*;
Having thus spoke, immediately he stept
Unto the *barre*, where for a time he kept
Himself in *silence*; like a *sun* he shin'd
Amongst those gloomy *clowds* which had com-
Themselves together, plotting to disgrace (bin'd
His orient *luster*, and impal'd his *face*:
And with a thundring *voice*, they first salute
His *ears* with *Tyrant*, Traytor, and impute
*Murder* unto him: with a pleasing smile
He look'd upon *them*, and a little while
He made a *pause*; but by, and by, he broke
His silent *lipps*, and moderately spoke
To this *effect*: May *I* desire to know
From whence this great *authority* doth flow
That you pretend to act by? If it be
Derivative; I shall desire to see,
And know from *whom*; till then I shall deny
To give my *tongue* a *licence* to reply.



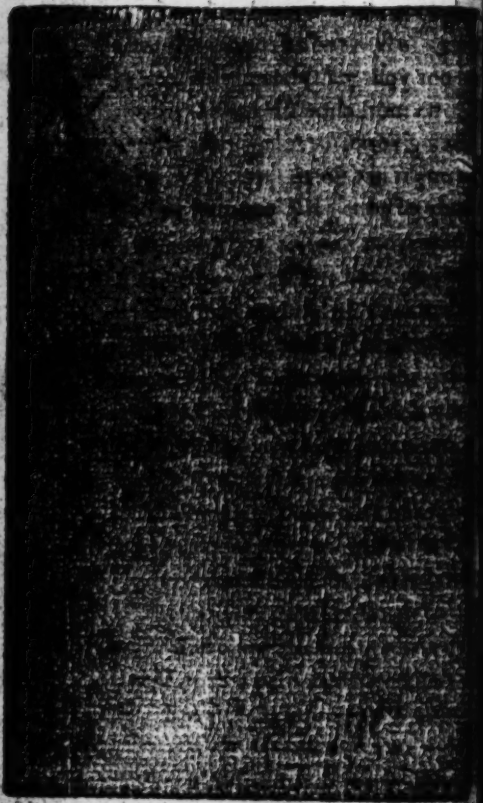
You are our *Pris'ner* Sir, you ought not to
Demand what your appointed *Judges* doe,
For our *Authority* 'tis known at large
Unto our *selves*; pray answer to your *charge*,
Or else we shall proceed. I thought t'have seen
*My Lords* and *Peers* together, that had been
A means to make my fading *hopes* renew,
For most of *them* I know, but none of *you*.
As for my *Charge*, I owne it as a thing
Of small concernment, as I am a King
You cannot try me, what your new made *laws*
May doe, I know not, have a care, and pause
Before you act in *blood*, strive to convince
Your stubborn *hearts*, & know, I am your *Prince*;
Y'are but abortive *Judges*, have a care,
Ye may be tangl'd in your own made *snare*;
Proceed; ye can but throw me to the *earth*,
They which *parturiate* needs must owne the *birth*,
God knows my *heart*; 'tis not my *life*, that I
Account of, but my Subjects *Liberty*,
That's all that I desire;——Sir, now we must
A little interrupt *you*, 'tis unjust
A *Prisoner* (as you are) should be allow'd
So great a *priviledge*; y'ave disavow'd

Our



known *Authority*, and make a ſport
all *Iuſtice*, and affront the Court;
not your guilty heart with ſuch delay,
no more time, for *Iuſtice* will not ſtay?
ay give me leave to ſpeak great *Charles* re-
ought not *Sir* to ſpeak, we're ſatisfy'd (ply'd
eady of your *guilt*, you muſt prepare
o heare your *Sentence*, and you muſt forbeare
ur *vaine*, and weake *diſcourſes*: Is it ſo,
then reply'd that I am forc'd to goe
ay unheard; Alaſſe, 'tis not the voice
*death* can daunt my *breaſt*, ye may rejoyce
my *deſtruction*; though *you* have no *eare*
o entertaine my *language*, heav'n will heare.
ke notice *people*, that your *King's* deny'd
ſpeake: *was ever Iuſtice rul'd by Pride?*
Thus having lay'd the *burthen* of their *ſlight*
on his *head*, they ſent him from their ſight;
*he* (that was inſpir'd by *heav'n*) did ſhow
*countenance* that did import their *woe*,
re then a *ſorrow* for his *death*, his face
as dy'd with *honor*, theirs, with foul *diſgrace*,
*patience* was their *paſſion*, and they found
*minde* a *kingdom*, where his *heart* was crown'd

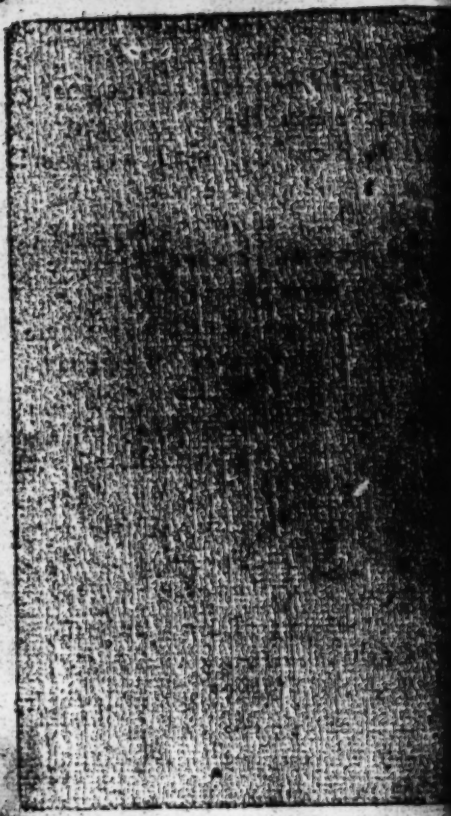
With



with constant *love*; oh that I could rehearse
living *vertues*, with a living *verse*:
now my *Pen* must leave *him* for a time,
dwell upon the *mountaines* of that *crime*
hich *they* committed; Put a *King* to death!
horrid *action*! what venomous *breath*
nounc'd that fatall *sentence*? may it live
poyson *Scorpions*, and not dare to give
least of sounds, to any humane *eare*.
he was *deaf* himself, and could not heare
cadence of his *language*; for the sound
been sufficient to inflict a *wound*
hin his marb'e *heart*; oh such a deed (*bleed*
bs Kingdoms to the *hearts*, and makes them
mselves to *death*; to loose so good a *King*,
such base means, will prove a viperous *sting*
this detested Land;——

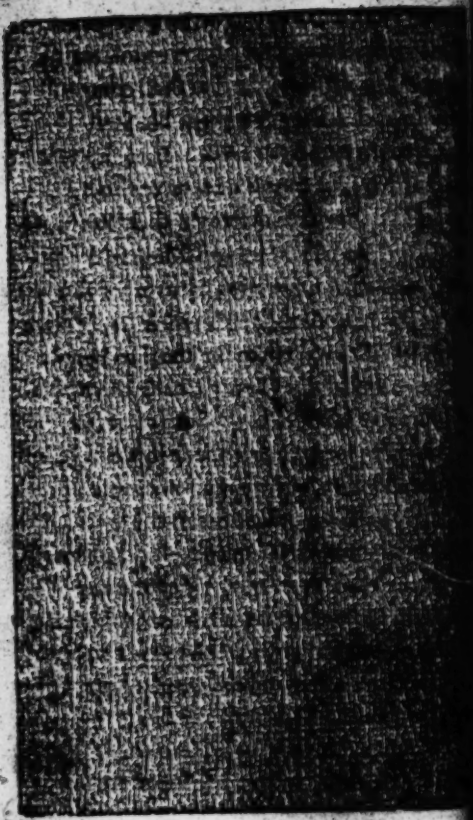
——If *Kings* transgresse,
prove *Tyrannical*, we must addresse
selves to *Heav'n*, and by our *Prayers* desire
ssistance of his *mercy*, to inspire
*Soules* with true *obedience*, that we may
gthen our *selves*; and *passively* Obey

What

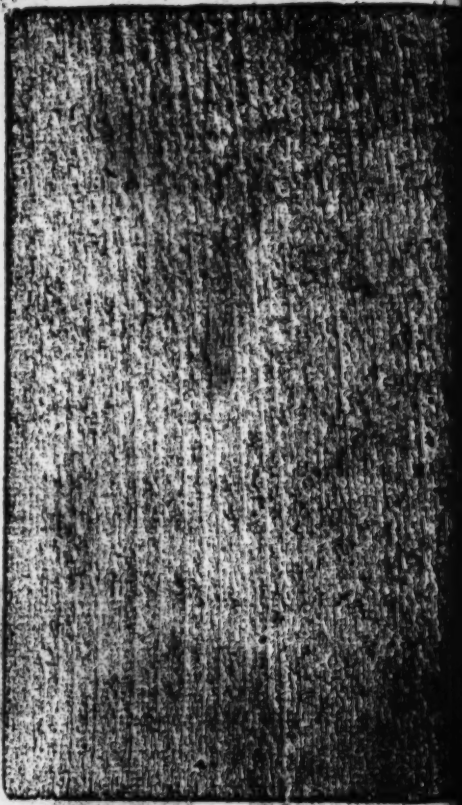


*actively* we cannot; for *Kings* reigne
*God*, we therefore ought not to maintaine
*rage* against *them*; he that shall controul
*actions* of a King, burthens his Soul
h a most ponderous *crime*; If, to suppose
*ill* of *Kings* be sin; oh how have those
nigress'd that have destroy'd their *King*, and
*subject*, to bad *subjects*, that betray'd (made
ir *Souls* to *Tyranny*: Oh Heav'n forgive
at they have done, and let their *sorrows* live
thin their *Souls*; Oh make them to behold
ir *errors*; Let not *Conquest* make them bold.
e stop my *Muse*, let's labour to accost
r former glory, *Charles*, though we have lost
Sacred *Person*, yet we must not loose
happy *memory*; Ah who can chuse
*sigh*, when as they seate his glorious *name*
thin their *serious thoughts*: If ever *Fame*
ceiv'd a *Crown*; It was from *him*, whose *worth*
wearied Quill's too weak to blazon forth;
when the best of my *endeavor*'s done,
ll but light a *Candle* to the *Sun*,
I will spend my *strength*; a feeble *light*
'd by a greater, makes it shine more *bright*:

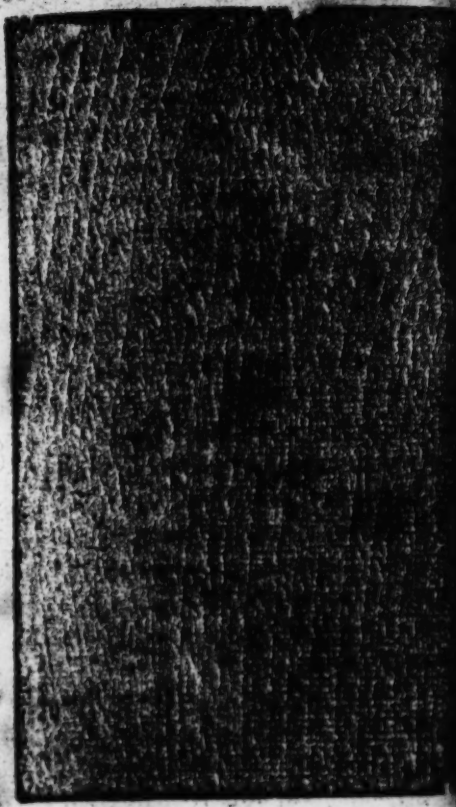
He



He was ('tis not unknown to all the *earth*)
*Prince* by *vertue*, and a *Prince* by *birth*.
In the *exordium* of his *Reigne*, he sway'd
The *Scepter* of this *Land*, (till time betray'd
*Cupid* to *Mars*) with a Majestique *brow*,
And made his cheerfull *subjects* hearts to bowe
To *honor*, and it could not be expreſt
Whether he rul'd *himself*, or *subjects* best;
He was a *Prince*, whose *life* and *conversation*
Impoverish'd *vices*, and inrich'd his *Nation*
With good *examples*, honor never found
So sweet a *harbour*, vertue never crown'd
So rare a *heart*; *Love* reign'd within his *eye*,
And there was cloathed with *Divinitie*,
*Vertue* and *Majesty* did seem to strive
Within his Royall *breast*, which should survive
The greateſt *glory*, but 'twas soon decided,
*Martha* and *Mary*, would not be devided,
So more would they, there was a *sympathy*
Betweene them both, for if the *one* should dye,
The other could not *live*, they were combin'd
Within his *breast*, and could not be *disjoyn'd*.
*Oh happy is that Land, where* Vertue *shall*
*Meet* Majesty *within a* Princes *hall*.



was a *King*, not onely over *Land*,
over *Passion*, for he could command
Royall *self*, and when approaching *trouble*
ail'd his *minde*, his *wisedome* would redouble
present *patience*, and he would allow
worst of *sorrows*, a contented *brow*;
undevided *soul* was alwayes free
propagate the *workes* of *Pietie*;
heart was still attracted to good *motions*,
the true *Loadstone* of his firme *devotions*.
alwayes studied how to recompence
ood *deeds* with full *rewards*: as for *offence*
sooner would *forgive* it, then impose
*punishment*; his *meekness* made his *foes*
row *supercillious*, and at last, they made
private *snare*, and *zealously* betray'd
e *Lord* of Englands *life*, whose free consent
anted them a *trieniall Parliament*
salve the *Kingdomes* grievances, but *they*
ok not the *grievances*, but *Him* away;
could not be distinguish'd which did Reigne
*rs* or *Apollo*, most within his *braine*:
was a *Cæsar*, and the equall *fame*
*Mars*, and *Wisdome* dwelt upon his *Name*;



As for his *Martiall* parts, *Edge-hill* will beare
An everlasting *record*, how his *care*
And *resolution* did maintain that *fight*,
Till *day* submitted to th'incroaching *night*;
Although Heav'ns *Generall* was pleas'd to bring
Such small *conditions*, to so great a King;
We must not judge, that 'tis *successe*, that can
Procure the *title* of a Valiant *man*,
For that, will but instruct *him* how to fly
Upon the wings of *popularity*;
As for his *Theologick* parts I may
Without *presumption* absolutely say
He was a second *David*, and could raise
A lofty *straine* to sing his *Makers* praise;
Read but his *Meditations*, and you'le finde
His *breast* retain'd a heav'n-enamel'd *minde*:
Now *Reader*, close thine *eyes*, & doe not read
My following *lines*, except thy *hearts* can bleed,
And thou not dye; ah heer's a mournfull *text*,
Imports *a death*, suppose what follows next,
And 'tis enough; oh that I could *ingrosse*
The *language* of the *world*, t'expresse this *losse*;
Weak *hearts*, weep *eyes*, lament your *Soveraigns*
And set *him* swimme unto his *funerall* (fall,

Subjects *teares*; oh had you seen his *feet*
ounted the *stage* of *blood*, and run to meet
*fury* of his *foes*, and how his *breath*
claim'd a *correspondency* with *death*;
then thy diving *heart* must needs have found
he depth of *sorrow*, and receiv'd a wound
at *Time* could not recure, oh such a sight
ad been sufficient to have made a *night*
ithin this little *world*, hadst thou but seen
hat soul-defending *patience* stood between
*ssion*, and *him*; with what a pleasing *grace*,
*As if that Death had blust'd within his face*)
look'd upon his *people*, which surrounded
mourning *Scaffold*, whilst his *thoughts* aboun-
ith heav'nly *raptures*; his *Angellike* voice (ed
ught *Joy* to weep and *sorrow* to rejoyce;
*ares* blinded many, that they could not see
*bloody*, so abhorr'd a *Tragedie*.
look'd, as if he rather came to view
*Subjects*, then to bid them all adue;
*e* had no *habitation* in his *breast*,
what he *spoke*, was *reddily* exprest;
v'ns sacred *Orator* devinely tipp'd
tongue with golden *languages*, and dipp'd

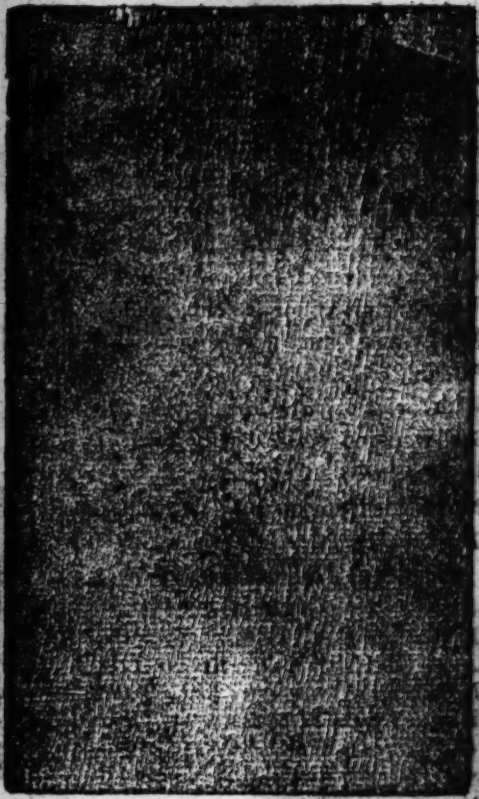
A 132 C 17

*His soul* in *Loves* sweet *fountaine*, so that *all*
That *lov'd*, *admir'd*, and *griev'd* to see him *fall*;
Whilst he (submitting *Prince*) devoutly pray'd
That *heav'n* would pardon *those* that had betray'd
*His body* to the *grave*; as from his soul
He had *forgave* them all, and did condole
Their sad *conditions*; having spent his *breath*,
He yeelded (like a lambe) unto his *death*.
Much more he utter'd; but my burthen'd *Quill*
Recoyles, and will not prosecute my *will*;
My *Pen*, and *I*, must now abruptly part,
Pardon (*oh Reader*) for *love* bindes my *heart*
With *chaines* of *sorrow*, let me *crave*, what I
Shall want in *language*, that thou wilt *supply*
In *Meditation*; but before I let
My *quill* desert my *hand*, I'le make it *sett*
*This Tragi-comick period to my story*,
Charles *liv'd in trouble*, *and he dy'd in glory*.

*FINIS.*

Habakkuck. *cap.* 1. *vers.* 13.

*Thou art of purer eyes* (*Oh God*) *then to behold evill*, *and canst not look on* iniquity: *Wherefore look-est thou upon them that deal* treacherously, *and he-ld-est thy tongue when the* wicked *devoureth the* man *that is more* righteous *then* they?



# AN EPITAPH

Upon

*Caines*, having kill'd their *Abel*, lay'd
Him underneath, whom they betray'd
And tore'd to *death* ( Kinde Reader ) know
*Religion* was his *overthrow*.
Lament, lament, this *fatall* losse,
*England* never had a *Crosse*
So *great* as *this*; Let every *eye*

Keep *teares* to weep his *Elegie*.
I may presume to say, a *Tombe*
Never had a richer *wombe*.
Goe not till your *sorrows* have

Offer'd *teares* unto his *grave*;
Faile not to spend some reall *groanes*,

Except your *hearts* are turn'd to *stones*.
Now methinkes his *ashes* cryes
*Guiltlesse* blood's a *Sacrifice*,
*London* lately lost her *heart*,
And is *sick* in every *part*,
Nothing could appease but *blood*,
*Death* took her *King*, and left a *flood*.

*FINIS.*

# AN ELEGY

## UPON

The Right Honorable, the Lord *CAPELL*, *Baron of* Hadham; *Who was beheaded at* Westminster, *for maintaining the ancient and Fundamental Lawes of the Kingdom of* England.

*March* the 9. 1648.

*Hen jacet, aut facti vivat ubiq; fati.*

Disturbe me not, my *thoughts* are mounting high,
To build a *Nest* for *Capells* memory.
Fool that I am, I doe not meane, a *Nest*,
Nor a *Kingdome* neither, that's the least
Of all my thoughts, It is a *world*, that shall
Be rul'd by *Capells ecebo*; hollow all

Ye

Ye sacred *Muses*, and conspire to bring
Matterialls for this *worke*, and learne to sing;
For should ye weep, your *eyes* might undertake
To drown that *world*, which I intend to make.
Forbeare; your *teares* are useleſſe, you must now
Gaze upon *death* with an undaunted *brow*,
*Capell* has taught us how to entertaine
The palled looks of *Mars*, by him we gaine
The *art* of dying, and from him we have
The *diffinition* of a Noble *grave*;
Rare *soul*, I say, thy ever active *Fame*
Shall build a *world* upon thy pregnant *name*,
And every Letter of thy *Name* shall raiſe
A spacious *kingdom*, where thy ample *praiſe*
Shall be recorded, every hearkning *eare*
Shall prove Ambitious, and admire to heare:
'Twill be a *glory*, when the world shall say
'Twas bravely done, his *Soveraigne* lead the way,
And he (as valiant Souldiers ought to doe)
March'd boldly after, and was alwayes true
To sacred *Majeſty*; his Noble *breath*
Diſdain'd the fear of a *Tyrannick* death;
*Death* added *life* unto his *thoughts*, for he
Contemn'd a *life*, if bought, with *infamie*.

The

The very *birds* shall learne to prate, and sing,
How *Capell* suffer'd for his Royall *King*.
Rouze then ye stupid *sons* of *Morpheus*; Let
This shining *Sun* of English *valour* set
And rise within your *horizons*, your *hearts*
I mean, and teach you how to sing in parts
The *Anthems* of his *worth*; oh understand
That this was he, whose *death* hath fill'd the *land*
With living *sorrow*; this was he, whose *glory*
Shall lend the *world* an everlasting *story*:
You lust-obeying *Tarquins*, that permit
And tollerate your *pleasures*, to commit
Adulterated *actions*, and command
*England*, our poor *Lucretia*, to stand
Subject to our libidinous *desires*,
And cannot help her self, heav'n grant your *fires*
May soon expire, that at the last we may
(Like *Tarquins*) see you banish'd quite away.
Say, will your hung'ry *appetites* receive
No satisfaction? have ye vow'd to leave
No noble *blood*? Alasse how can your meek
And tender *consciences*, thus *roar*, and *seek*
Like greedy *Lyons*, scenting up, and downe
To finde your *prey* in every Royall *Towne*.

Where

Where is that *zeal* which was in former times
A golden *pretext*, to your drossy *crimes*?
Doe ye not think of *heav'n*? have ye forgot
There is a *God*? or will ye owne him not?
Where is *Religion* (your upholder) fled?
What? is that *murther'd* too; or have ye spread
A vaile upon *her*, that she may not be
Observ'd, or own'd, but in *necessitie*,
Has not *Religion* all this while maintain'd
Your unjust *cause*? what money's ye have gain'd
Was for *Religions* sake, which still supply'd
Your *wants*, but now ye're *full*, that's lay'd aside.

*Unhappy is that land, whose People braggs,*
*That they have put Religion up in baggs.*

*Money* preceds *Religion* now; but stay
Precipitating *quill*, I've lost my *way*,
Nay, and my *subject* too, how came my *minde*
Thus much to deviate; oh where shall I finde
My former *subject*? shall my *thoughts* abject
His *memory*, and own him with Neglect:
No, no, they shall not, come my *Muse*, repose
Let's thinke upon our *Friend*, and let our *foes*
Remember us, *Capell*, thy *worth* shall fill
The black-mouth'd *concave* of my mourning

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He was a *Pompie*, but receiv'd his barrie
From *Tyrants*, not from *Cæsars* noble arme,
He had an *Army* in his minde, could call
*Fortune* to be their bold-fac'd *Generall*;
He had no *Pride*, no *faction* to create
Or nurse *division* in his peacefull *state*;
He had a *Court* of *Justice* in his *breast*,
But not to *tyrannize*, or make inquest
After the *sons* of *Loyalty*, or bring
Legall *Judgements*, to their legall *King*;
He had a *heart*, that never us'd to hide
The heate of *envie*, or the flames of *Pride*;
He had a *Conscience* never us'd t'exact
Upon a *widdowed* Kingdome, or extract
The *treasures* of a *Nation*, to defray
His owne *desires*, he never us'd to play
The *Devill* in the *habit* of a *Saint*;
Or teach his *Agitators* how to paint
A *vice* with pleasing *colours*, or prepare
His ready *eyes* to shed a *zealous* teare
With a false *heart*, he never striv'd to please,
And turne the *people's* hearts with *Peters Keyes*;
And to conclude, he never would desire
Other mens *fuells* to maintaine his *fire*;

Now *Reader*, thou hast heard he had a [illegible]
Not *morgag'd* unto *basenesse*, but inclin'd
To honorable *actions*; It was he
That was the *Embleme* of true *Charitie*,
Yet some unworthy *Spirits* have exprest
He was a *son* of *Rome*, because his breast
Was fill'd with *pitty*, and would still relieve
The *Poore*, whose wants, instructed him to g[illegible]
False are those base *reports*, he was a man
Alwayes reputed a great *Puritan*,
And not a *Papist*, and he had a care
To have that *hated* Book of *Common Prayre*
Read to his *Family*, himself would joyne
His aide to any thing that was *Devine*;
The *church* did seldome faile to entertaine
His Noble *self*, and his domestique *traine*,
Untill this blessed *Reformation* spread
It self abroad, and struck *Religion* dead;
And then indeed his *Conscience* would refuse
To let him heare some *Rabshekah* abuse
His Gods *Annointed*, and his reall *heart*
Could not endure to hear *time-servers* dart
Arrows of *envy* at his *King*, and raise
Against his *Consort*, lab'ring to intaile

Disg[illegible]

Disgrace upon their *names*, and fill the earth
With heapes of *errours*, and rebellious *mirth*;
These things his *heart* abhorr'd, he could not hear
His King abused with a patient *eare*:
He was the *soul* of *Loyalty*, his minde
Was alwayes *active*, for he still inclin'd
His *thoughts* to *goodnesse*, striving how to bring
*Peace* to his *Country*, *honor* to his *King*;
He was a *man* that alwayes us'd to fly
Upon the wings of true *sollidity*;
He was *compleat*, and *rich* in every part,
His *tongue* was never *traytor* to his *heart*;
But now, ah now (I shall make Death too proud
To speake it) he hath lately left this clowd,
This *world* of *envy*, and is gon t' inherit
Those *joyes* which wait upon a Noble *Spirit*:
Now, now hee's gone to *heav'ns* sublimer *court*,
Where *Justice* lives, a place, where false *report*
Shall finde no *eare*; a place, where none shall *dye*
For being *rich*, or *wise*; there *Loyalty*
Shall be respected; there, the weeping *eyes*
Of *Orpham* shall be pittied; there, the *cryes*
Of *Ladyes* pleading for their *Lords*, shall finde
A full respect; where *Vertue* is refinde,

There must be *happiness*, oh think he [illegible]
It is, (kinde Reader) and brave *Capell* there
There, there, he *rests*, who stoutly trode the [illegible]
Of *blood*, whose *life*, whose *death*, [illegible]
Will ever *paralels*; his *courage* gave
A *life* to *death*, and *pleasure* to a *grave*
He had a pleasing *countenance*, his *face*
Did seem to *blush*, but twas for their *disgrace*,
And not his *guilt*; he never seem'd t' expresse
The least of *feare*, but hasted to addresse
Himself to *heav'n*, and like a *stagge*, he bay'd
At his unsatiated *hounds*, and lay'd
His *life* before them, and contemn'd their *power*
Because he knew, they onely could devoure
His little *world*; but for his *soul*, that went
Before a more conscientious *Parliament*,
Where now he *rests* in peacefulnesse, & doubles
His *pleasures*, whilst his *foes* survive in *troubles*.
There rest heroick *Capell*, and enjoy
Those rich *delights*, which time cannot destroy;
Rest *thou*, whilst those are *restlesse*, which deny'd
To let thee rest on *earth*, whose hearts are ty'd
In bloody *fetters*, which conglutinates
Their *souls*, and leades them to the worst of *fates*.

[illegible] now my quill growes weake, I must [illegible]
[illegible] sable [illegible], I dare not undertake
[illegible] [illegible], but my feeble [illegible]
[illegible] to stagger, grief can teach me when
[illegible] begin, but will not prove my friend,
[illegible] lead my [illegible] to a peacefull end;
[illegible] thoughts encrease, this subject would [illegible]
[illegible] youthfull [illegible], into an ancient Muse.
[illegible] heart's compos'd of [illegible], and my [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; methinks I could [illegible]
[illegible] spacious world, and teach it to [illegible]
[illegible] praise on earth, though not his [illegible]
[illegible], where now I'le leave him, [illegible];
[illegible] cease to [illegible], and practise to admire.

*Ye have killed, and condemned [illegible], and he [illegible] resist you.* Jam. 5. 6.

Upon

*Right Honorable,*
*Sir* *Moore* is fallen, and it lyes
*Represented* to thy *eyes* :
*Therefore, Reader*, if thy *breath*
*Had* an *interest* in his *death*,
*Unfix* thy *thoughts*, and post away,
*Reason* forbids a *Tyrants* stay :

*Lavish* out your hearty *eyes*,
*Open* wide your flowing *eyes*,
*Record* his *worth*, and let all *hearts*
*Doate* upon his living *parts* :

*Can* any thinke upon his *Name*,
*And* not labour to proclaime
*Perpetuall praises* to his *worth*,
*Engaging hearts* to set him forth :
*Let* all *men* say, and not *repent*,
*Loe*, here lyes *Murthers* Complement.

*Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.*

# A CURSE,

## AGAINST

## The Enemies of PEACE.

PEace, peace Rebellious *Vipers*; you that cry,
Advance *Mechanicks*, downe with *Majestie*.
Cease your vaine *wishes*, may ye never rest
That love no *Peace*; nay, may ye ne're be blest
That envie *Sion*; ah! shall *Sions* glory
Thus abstracted, and thus made a story
To after *ages*; hath your hungry *zeale*
Devoured all your *senses* at one meale?

Wake

What doe ye meane? doe ye intend to try
A *Reformation* with *Phlebotomy*?
Or has your hell-bred *thoughts* found out a way
To turne a *Canaan*, to a *Golgotha*?
Hath the Tartarian *Counsellour* invented
Such thriving *plotts*, that cannot be prevented,
Leave off base acts *Mechanicks*, and begin
To deal *uprightly*, and *reforme* within:
Bury your aged *crimes*, and then goe call
Your stragling *senses* to the *funerall*:
Thus I advise you, if this will not doe,
Assure your *selves* I'le learne to *curse* ye too.
May *heav'n*, whose frowning *countenance* doth
An *angry* resolution, overthrow (show
You, and your *prick-ear'd Progeny*, and make
Your *children* suffer, for their *parents* sake;
May ye all *bogge*, and wander *up* and *downe*
Like *vagabonds*, be lash'd from *Towne* to *Towne*;
And may the *Loadstones* of your *crimes* attract
Ten thousand *plagues*, and may those *plagues* ex-
Upon your lavish *souls*, let impious *Fate* (ad
Blush, if she chance to make you *fortunate*.
May *torments* pursue *torments*, and still grow
Till *Rithmatick* be non-plust, and o'rethrow

You

# THE AVTHORS FAREWELL.

## To England.

E*Ngland*, farewell; th'affections that I beare
To thee, I cannot name without a *teare*;
I must be gon, my troubled *Conscience* loathes
To staine it's *welfare* with thy new-made *oathes*;
*Thou'n* knowes my *heart*, I truely hate *disorders*,
I pitty them that live within thy *boarders*;
[illegible] my self; I cannot stoop so low,
[illegible] be subordinate to *them*, I know

Are

[illegible] inferiors, though they have of late
Converted *Monarchy* into a *State*;
Though *heav'n* conceales his *anger* for a time
Giving them leave to doate upon a *crime*;
A *day* will come to plague their *souls*, and then
They'le prove but *devills*, in the shapes of *men*.

And so *farewell*, poor *England*, quite farewell,
*Where* Furyes *reigne*, *there* [illegible] *must be a Hell*

*Anglia, jam quantum, quantum mutata vetusta*
*Nunc caput es scoleris, qui caput orbis eras.*

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FINIS.

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ERATA.

Pag. 17. line 9. for *want*, read *worst*, p. 35. [illegible] *pardon*, r. *punishing*, p. 26. l. 7. leave out [illegible] l. 18. for *cageret*, r. *regret*, p. 26. l. 17. for [illegible] *[illegible]*, p. 41. l. 3. for [illegible], p. 42. l. [illegible] *infountain'd*, r. *Infountain'd*.